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# Senior Recital: Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Lucrezia Ceccarelli

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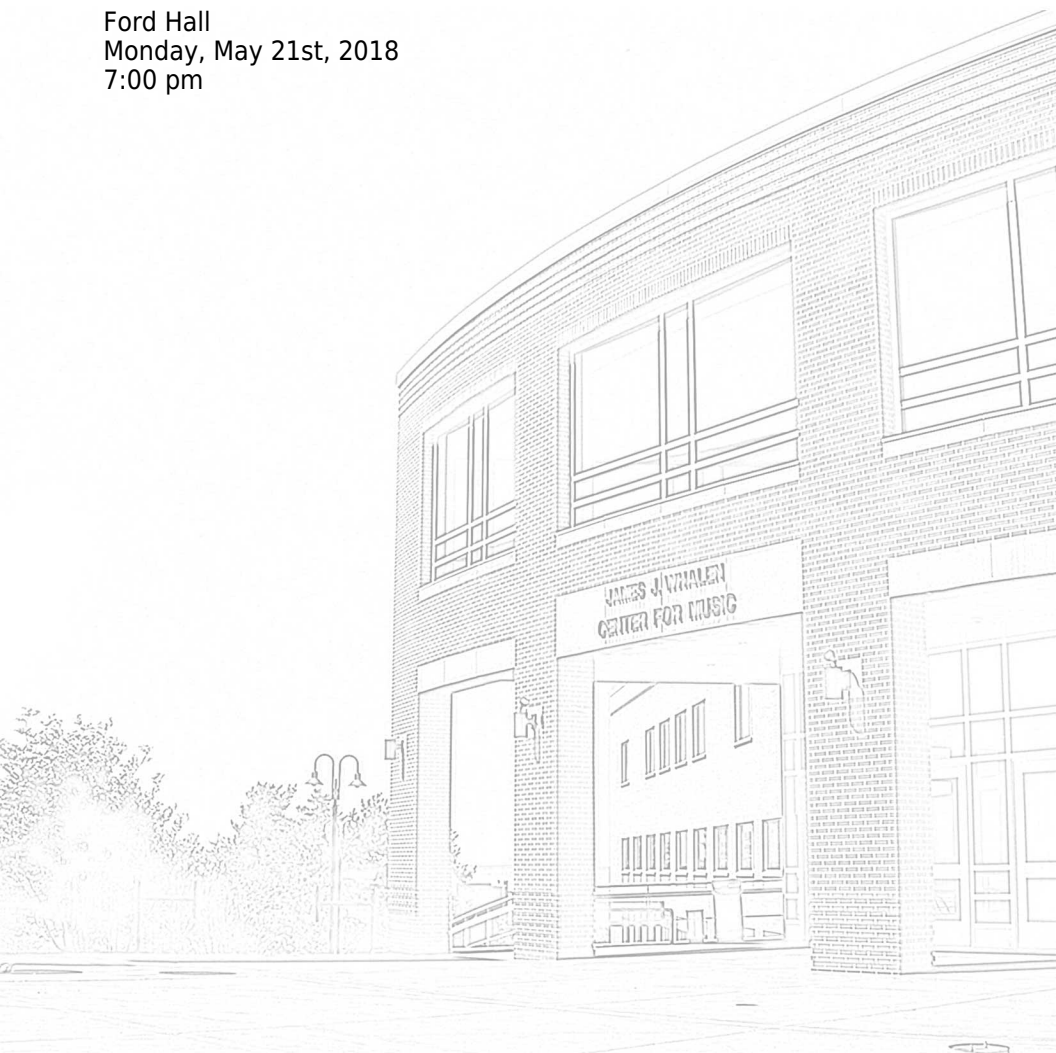
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**Senior Recital:**  
Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Ford Hall  
Monday, May 21st, 2018  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Pastorella vagha bella  
Cosi alla bella Nicea  
Solo per voi tra mille

G.F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Neue Liebe  
Suleika  
Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

À une Fontaine  
À Cupidon  
Tais-toi, babillarde  
Dieu vous gard'

Darius Milhaud  
(1892-1974)

# Intermission

Daphne  
Through Gilded Trellises  
Old Sir Faulk

William Walton  
(1902-1983)

"Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù  
magica"  
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Think of Me  
from *Phantom of the Opera*  
Unusual Way  
from *Nine*  
Goodnight My Someone  
from *The Music Man*

Andrew Lloyd Weber  
(b. 1948)  
Maury Yeston  
(b. 1945)  
Meredith Willson  
(1902-1984)

## Translations

### Pastorella vagha bella

Pastorella vagha bella  
Rendi amore per amor;  
Giovenetta, vezzosetta,  
Dona mi cara cor per cor.

Beautiful shepherdess  
Make love for love;  
Young girl, little girl,  
Give me my dear heart for heart.

### Così alla bella Nicea

Così alla bella Nicea  
Tirsi fedel dicea,  
Quel Tirsi amante, quel Tirsi fedele  
De tante volto, e tante per sua ninfe  
    cru dele  
Sparse invan sospiri, e querele.

So to the beautiful Nicea  
Tirsi says he is faithful,  
That Tirsi lover, that loyal Faith  
Of many faces, and often for his cruel  
    nymphs  
He sighs in vain, and laments.

Distrusse, sì fra timor, e fra speranza  
Di quella fiera bella che delude la sua  
    costanza,  
Chiede pietà con quest'accenti amorosi  
    e dolenti.

He was destroyed, yes between fear  
    and hope  
By that fair beauty who deceives his  
    constancy,  
He asks for mercy with these loving and  
    painful accents.

### Solo per voi tra mille

Solo per voi tra mille,  
Care pupille  
Arde il mio cor.

Only for you among thousands,  
Dear eyes  
Does my heart burn.

Deh rispondete,  
Con dolce faville  
E meno rigor  
A tanta fè, a tanta amor.

Please respond,  
With sweet words  
And less strictness  
To so much faith, to so much love.

## Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde  
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,  
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,  
Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Rösslein trugen  
Goldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen  
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne  
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin,  
Lächelnd im Vorüberreiten.  
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?  
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlight in the forest  
I recently saw the elves riding,  
Their horns I heard sounding,  
Their bells I heard ringing.

Their white little horses wore  
Golden antlers and flew  
Swiftly on; like wild swans  
They came through the air moving.

Smiling, the queen nodded to me,  
Smiling as she rode by.  
Was the smile for my new love?  
Or does it mean my death?

## Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen,  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel  
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes, sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlieder;  
Ach, für Leid müßt ich vergehen,  
Hofft ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder!

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben,  
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Ah, of your moist wings,  
West Wind, how much I envy you:  
For you can bring him tidings,  
Of how I suffer in separation!

The movement of your wings  
Awakens quiet longing in the breast;  
Flowers, meadows, forests and hill  
Are tearful in your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing  
Cools my sore eyelids;  
Ah, for sorrow would I have to die  
If I could not hope to see him again!

Hurry then to my beloved,  
Speak softly to his heart;  
But avoid saddening him,  
And conceal from him my pains.

Tell him, but tell it simply:  
His love is my life,  
This joyous feeling of both  
Will his nearness give to me.

# Hexenlied

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze;  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis' aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,  
Ein Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,  
Reißt uns geschwind,  
Wie Blitz und Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub  
Tanzt unser Trupp  
Und küßt ihm die kraligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm  
Faßt uns beim Arm  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub  
Verheißt dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön  
In Seide geh'n  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben.

Ein Feuerdrach  
Umflieget das Dach,  
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.  
Die Nachbarn dann sehn  
Die Funken wehn,  
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Die Blumen er blühen zum Kranze.  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis aus der Tür,  
Juchheisa zum prächtigen Tanze!

The swallow flies,  
The Spring has come,  
And gives us flowers for our wreaths;  
Soon we'll dart  
Quietly out the door,  
And fly to the splendid dance!

A black bill-goat,  
A broomstick,  
The over-fork, the distaff,  
Bring us quickly,  
Like lightning and wind,  
Through the roaring winds to Brocken  
peak!

Beelzebub  
Dances around our group  
And kisses his crusty hands!  
A swarm of ghosts  
Grasps us by the arm  
And swings torches into the dance!

And Beelzebub  
Promises the group  
Of dancers gifts upon gifts:  
They shall go  
Beautifully in silk  
And will dig up pots of gold.

A dragon  
Flies around the roof,  
And brings us butter and eggs.  
The neighbors then see  
The sparks blowing,  
And strike a cross in front of the fire.

The swallow flies,  
The Spring has come,  
The flowers blossom on the wreath.  
Soon we'll dart  
Quietly out the door,  
Hurray to the splendid dance!

## A une Fontaine

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,  
Enqui j'ai rebu si souvent,

Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,  
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent;  
Quand l'été ménager moissonne

Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,  
Et l'aire par compas résonne

Gémissant sous le blé battu.

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être  
En religion à tous ceux  
Qui te boiront, ou fairont paitre  
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.  
Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val

Les Nymphes près de ton repaire  
A mille bonds mener le bal!

Listen to me, living fountain,  
From which I have repeatedly drunk so  
often,

Lying flat down overlooking your bank,  
Idly in the coolness of the breeze;  
While thrifty summer gathers the  
harvest

From the bare breast of Ceres,  
And the air of the threshing floor  
resounds  
With groans beneath the beaten grain.

So may you always be  
A sacred place for all those  
Who drink from you, or lead their oxen  
To graze on your green shores.  
And may the moonlight always  
Glimpse at midnight at the bottom of  
the valley,  
The nymphs around your refuge  
With a thousand leaps leading to the  
dance!

## A Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit,  
Et la nuit sombre  
Pousse le jour qui lui  
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,  
Et l'âpre rage  
Des vents n'a point été  
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours  
Qui me tourmente  
Demeure en moi toujours,  
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,  
Qu'il fallait poindre,  
Ta flèche; en d'autre lieu  
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les parresseux  
Et les amuse,  
Mais non pas mwa,  
Ni ceux qu'aime la Muse.

The day expels the night,  
And the dark night  
Expels the day which shines  
In a dim shadow.

So Summer yields to Fall,  
And the bitter fury  
Of the winds no longer blows  
After the storm.

But the fever of love  
That torments me still  
Dwells in me always  
And will not go away.

It was not at me, God,  
At whom you should have pointed,  
Your arrow: at another mark  
Should it have found.

Pursue the lazy  
Whom it amuses,  
But neither me,  
Nor those loved by the muses.

## Tais-toi, babillarde

Tais-toi, babillarde hirondelle,  
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile  
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau  
Je te couperai la languette,  
Qui matin sans repos caquette,  
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée  
Pour chanter toute la journée,  
De soi, de nuit, quand tu voudras.  
Mais au matin ne me reveille,  
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille  
Ma Cassandra d'entre mes bras.

Shut up, babbling swallow,  
Or else I will pluck your wing  
If I can catch you, or with a knife  
I will cut off your tongue,  
Which chatters on and on in the  
morning,  
And drives me out of my mind.

I will lend you my chimney  
Where you can sing all day,  
All evening, all night, whenever you  
want.  
But in the morning don't wake me,  
And when I sleep do not take  
My Cassandra from my arms.

## Dieu vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles  
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,  
Huppés, coucous, rossignols,  
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages  
Qui de cent sortes de ramages  
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,  
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,  
Et vous, boutons jadis connus

Du sang d'Ajace et de Narcisse;  
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse,  
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée  
De papillons, qui par la prairie  
Les douces herbes suçotez;  
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,  
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles  
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue

Votre belle et douce venue.  
O que j'aime cette saison  
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,  
Au prix des vents et des orages  
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison.

God protect you, faithful messengers  
Of Spring, gentle swallows,  
Hooped, cuckoos, little nightingales,  
Turtle doves, and you wild birds,  
Who with a hundred kinds of song  
Animate the green woods.

God protect you, lovely daisies,  
Pretty roses, beautiful little flowers,  
And you, new buds that were once  
named

For the blood of Ajax and Narcissus;  
And you, thyme, anis and balm,  
May you always come back again.

God protect you, multi-colored flight  
Of butterflies, who across the meadows  
Drink the sweet grasses;  
And you, new swarm of bees,  
Who the flowers red and yellow  
With your mouths kiss.

A hundred thousand times I repeatedly  
salute

Your beautiful and sweet coming;  
Oh how I love this season  
And the soft clucking on the banks  
More than the winds and the storms  
Which kept me shuttered in the house.



## Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica

Quel guardo il cavaliere  
In mezzo al cor trafisse;  
Piegò il ginocchio e disse:  
Son vostro cavalier.  
E tanto era in quel guardo  
Sapor di paradiso  
Che il cavalier Riccardo,  
Tutto d'amor conquiso,  
Guirò che ad altra mai  
Non volgeria il pensier.  
Ah ah! Ah ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica  
D'un guardo a tempo e loco;  
So anch'io come si bruciano  
I cori a lento foco.  
D'un breve sorrisetto  
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,  
Di menzognera lagrima,  
D'un subito languor.  
Conosco i mille modi  
Dell'amorose frodi,  
I vezzi e l'arti facili  
Per adescare un cor.  
So anch'io la virtù magica  
Per ispirare amor. Ah, sì!

Ho testa bizzarra,  
Son pronta, vivace  
Brillare mi piace,  
Mi piace scherzar.  
Se monto in furore,  
Di rado sto al segno,  
Ma in riso la sdegno  
Fo presto a cangiar.  
Ho testa bizzarra,  
Ma core eccellente. Ah!

Her gaze pierced the knight  
In the middle of his heart;  
He kneeled before her and said:  
I am your knight.  
And so much did that gaze  
Have the flavor of paradise  
That the knight Riccardo,  
All by love was conquered,  
And swore that he would never  
Think of another.  
Ha ha! Ha ha!

I also know the magical virtue  
Of a glance at the right time and place;  
I also know how to burn hearts  
Over a slow fire.  
Of a quick little smile  
I also know the effect,  
Of a false tear,  
Of a sudden faintness.  
I know the thousand ways  
To fool a lover,  
The easy charms and arts  
To seduce a heart.  
I also know the magical virtue  
That inspires love. Ah, yes!

I have an odd mind,  
I am ready, lively  
I like to shine,  
I like to play.  
If I get angry,  
I am rarely calm,  
But my anger can change  
Quickly to laughter.  
I have an odd mind,  
But an excellent heart. Ah!